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Left to right: Vice President Shamuimba, President Fimbo, General Secretary Mackunya

"Liberation"

by Rick Derksen

On Saturday, May 17, 1997, troops of the Alliance of Democratic Forces for the Liberation of the Congo under the leadership of Laurent Desire Kabila marched into the city of Kinshasa to the cheers of the local population and Zaire, once again, became the Democratic Republic of the Congo. After 32 years of absolute rule, Mobutu Sese Seko's corrupt regime collapsed almost without a fight.

It is true that up to three hundred people, mostly either looters or former government soldiers, were killed during and after the takeover of Kinshasa. Everyone,

however, agrees that it could have been a lot worse. Discoveries of huge stockpiles of weapons in homes belonging to former Mobutu supporters confirmed rumors which had circulated before Kabila's forces arrived, that Mobutu and some of his people had been planning a massacre.

Christians in Kinshasa attribute the fact that the feared bloodbath was avoided to two factors: first of all, to the prayers of hundreds of thousands of Christians all over this country that the change would happen relatively peacefully; and secondly, to the assassination of General Mahele, former chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and, no doubt, Mobutu's most widely respected general, on Friday night, May 16. Why was Mahele's death a factor? He was killed by special presidential guards and news of his murder caused division and confusion among the elite troops, probably the only soldiers capable of

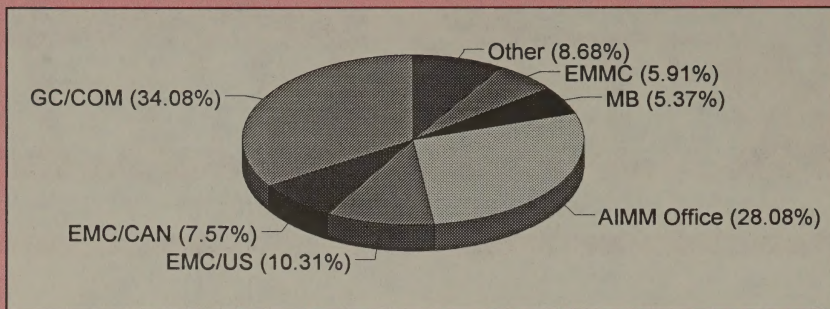
putting up any resistance and also the most likely to carry out a massacre of people on the various "hit lists." In any case, there was no bloodbath in Kinshasa where many had expected the worst, whereas in Brazzaville (Republic of the Congo) just across the river, where some from Kinshasa had gone for refuge and where nothing was expected, a full-scale civil war broke out in early June and has since killed thousands and destroyed many buildings and homes.

Several weeks after the fall of Kinshasa, Sakombi Inongo, a longtime Mobutu advisor and government minister who had a conversion experience and left politics a number of years ago, spoke in the weekly chapel service at the Christian University of Kinshasa (former ISTK). He shared of how he had warned Mobutu back in 1990 that if he did not repent and change his ways that his rule would come to an end. The last message that Sakombi sent to Mobutu not long before he fled Zaire in disgrace on May 16 was from Isaiah 14:4ff.: "How the oppressor has come to an end! How his fury has ended!"

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AIMM Revenue Sources 1997



The pie chart above represents the 1997 budget for AIMM, excluding missionary salaries. This budget is \$409,610. The AIMM Elkhart office is responsible to raise 28.1% or \$115,000 this year. The AIMM portion is raised as you send your contributions directly to our office either in Steinbach, Manitoba, or in Elkhart, Indiana. If God is challenging you to become involved with AIMM, now would be the perfect time to send your gift to:

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Thank you for your prayers and support.

continued from page 1 **Liberation**

The Lord has broken the rod of the wicked, the scepter of the rulers, which in anger struck down peoples with unceasing blows, and in fury subdued nations with relentless aggression. All the lands are at rest and at peace; they break into singing ..."

Since the day of "liberation" just over two months ago, the initial euphoria has turned into disappointment and anger for those who support the long-time opposition politician, Etienne Tshisekedi, and now accuse Kabila of replacing one dictatorship with another; and the sober realization that rebuilding this country is going to be a slow and painful process for those who believe that the new government should be given a chance.

Two lessons have been made very clear to us through the events of "liberation." The first is that no one can predict with certainty what will happen in the future and, consequently, no one can guarantee anyone's (physical) safety or security. Even if we could predict the future and guarantee our safety, the most fundamental question in situations of potential danger would not be, "what is the safest option?" but rather, "what is the Spirit of God trying to say in this situation?" The second is that the same God who humbled some and exalted others

in Hannah's time (1 Sam. 2) and again in Mary's time (Luke 1) continues to do so today. The God of Israel's history is also the God of the Congo's history.

For the Mennonite Church in Congo the war added to an already critical economic situation. The church station at Kalonda was looted with the hospital, garage and several Zairian families being hit particularly hard. The three top church leaders, Pastor Fimbo, Pastor Shamuimba and Mr. Mackunya, were visiting outlying churches northwest of Tshikapa when fleeing soldiers confiscated the church pickup and drove it to Kinshasa, forcing the leaders to go by foot to Nyanga. The vehicle was later returned in Kinshasa but is in need of major repairs.

Throughout all of this, Congolese Mennonites demonstrated tremendous courage and strength. We, as North American Mennonites, can express our solidarity with Zairian brothers and sisters by providing financial and material assistance, but also by working and praying for peace, justice, and prosperity in Congo, a country which has so much to offer the rest of the world in terms of human, spiritual, material, and cultural resources.

Persons wishing to contribute to the needs of the Mennonite Church in Congo may send donations designated for this need to AIMM. ☐

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Bananzaro's Transformation

submitted by Elvira Hamm

My name is Bananzaro Thioro Calixte, and I have been teaching in the Orodara Kalanso School for four years. I am 39 and my wife Noelie is 32. We have three daughters: Rachel (10), Rebecca (6) and Rhoda (1).

I am the first son of a very large family. My father had three wives and 23 children. He first worshiped the ancestors then became a Catholic for a short time. Finally he converted to Islam when I was six years old and they baptized me Moussa (Moses). So I followed my father's faith without understanding, as it happens in most Muslim families.

At 15 when I went to secondary school a lot of questions came to my mind about this religion. In order to get answers I bothered my father who did not know much, and though he tried with all his might, he could not enlighten me. Despite his efforts I remained unsatisfied and a growing emptiness and thirst filled my heart.

During the eight years of my secondary studies this thirst remained in me. I would very often wake up late at night and stay on my praying mat for hours, invoking and talking to an unknown god. But the emptiness still was there and I began to doubt the existence of God through my initiation into philosophy and the reading of authors such as Karl Marx. As a result, after getting my bachelor's degree in June 1980 I went to university with the same thirst.

There I began my English studies with some Christian classmates who never stopped talking of Jesus. At home, too, I lived with a cousin who had studied at a Bible institute in Mali for two years. I hated him for the many times he mentioned Jesus. I abused him and called him a fool and I qualified his Jesus as the "opium" for people of his kind, letting themselves be exploited by others. Whereas I was very harsh with him he never rebuked me nor showed any anger. I was very curious about this and I remembered his words, "Nobody can resist Jesus Christ forever. Your day will come."

I was a brilliant student and found no problem passing my first-year examinations. But troubles began during my second year. When I failed my June examination I became very discouraged. But my father gave me a bit of hope. He sent me to one of his best friends, a man well learned in Arabic, a "marabout."

He received me into his house full of piles of books and flat wooden pieces used as writing boards. He asked for my name and wrote it on one board with many other Arabic signs. From time to time he told me that success was guaranteed. Then he washed the board and collected a black liquid into a small bottle for me. I had to mix some drops of this liquid with my bath water during my examinations. I left him joyfully, thankful to my father for his helpfulness.

A week later I went back to Ouaga for the examinations. On October 16, 1983, the results were announced and only seven of the thirteen students passed. I was not one of them and bitterness filled my heart. Every day brought more sadness till I totally lost the enjoyment of life. From then on only one idea haunted me. "Kill yourself and have peace."

I tried to end my life by jumping into a deep well and by hanging, but every time a suspicious witness appeared at the last minute, preventing me from accomplishing my plan. Twice I tried to jump into the path of a fast-moving car, but both times the drivers avoided me and angrily told me that if I did not want

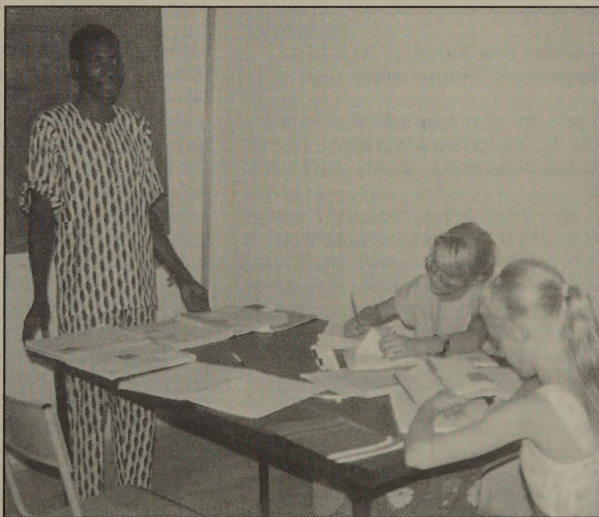
to live I should at least not make them criminals!

When I was ready to give up, a brilliant idea came to mind: swallowing tablets—a method used successfully by many others. I bought a box of twenty novaquine in the afternoon and wrote a long letter of explanation for my brother so that they would not feel responsible for my act. I planned to wait until the others were in bed at night.

Because I like playing the guitar I decided to enjoy it for the very last time. So I went to the Baptist Centre where I took music courses. I borrowed a guitar and went upstairs to the music room and played for nearly two hours. A knock at the door caught my attention. A voice asked me to stop playing because it was prayer time and silence was required.

While I was returning the guitar they started singing. I put it on the table in the corner and headed for the main door. My right hand was on the doorknob when I heard a strong command, "Don't go." Nearly paralyzed I looked all around to find the speaker, but I saw no one. When I tried again to open the door the same command was given, stronger than before. At the same time one of the people singing at the other end of the room called, "Bananzaro, you can join us if you wish; it is not a secret meeting."

Today I can understand how wonderful our Lord is. That evening I did not understand how I got from the door to a chair among the twelve people. After the songs each of them thanked the Lord. Some were thankful because they passed their



Bananzaro, Mariam Entz, Ruth Thiessen in classroom at Orodara

Seeking Forgiveness on Tabaski

by Adela Bergen

The day dawned bright in Dakar, Senegal, echoing the repetitive sounds of the Muslim call to prayer. Within the first hours of the morning, bleating sheep would be silenced, their throats slit in the ceremonial sacrifice of Tabaski. This sacrifice is seen by Muslims as being similar to Abraham's sacrifice of Isaac in Bible times.

By mid-morning, the delicious fragrance of roasted mutton was wafting through our neighborhood. Preparing to visit Senegalese friends during this significant holiday on the Muslim calendar, I memorized the Wolof greeting that would be exchanged.

"*Dewanati.*" (May you live to see another year.)

"*Feelal dewen.*" (And may it also be so with you.)

"*Baal ma aq.*" (Forgive my offenses against you, be they intentional or unintentional.)

"*Baal naa la aq.*" (I forgive your offenses.)

"*Yalla na nu Yalla boole baal.*" (May we together ask God's forgiveness.) (This

is said in unison with the person one is in conversation with.)

On the day of Tabaski, Senegalese Muslims visit neighbors and friends, exchanging this greeting with one another. I was touched by the meaning of these words as I reflected on their significance. Based on biblical teaching, we as Christians also ask forgiveness of those we have wronged, as well as asking God for his forgiveness.

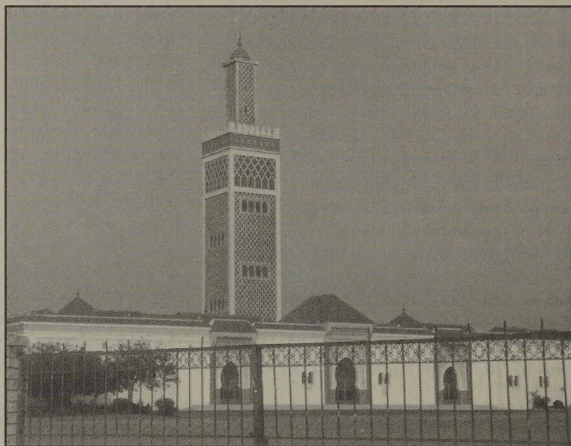
Could this be a bridge of common ground between us and the Muslim community?

Warmth, hospitality, and delicious food flowed in abundance during our afternoon with the family to whose home we had been invited. In the midst of our laughter, feasting and conversation, we silently prayed for this household. By the end of our

time together we could sense that more of a bond had been formed between us, more of a bridge built.

Sometimes the distance between Muslim friends and ourselves seems too great to span. We make efforts to relate, but they fall flat. Christ met those he came into contact with on their turf. Following in Christ's footsteps, we, too, can find ourselves building bridges, bridges that will lead to the Kingdom. ☐

A prayer tower in Dakar, Senegal, which echoes the repetitive sounds of the Muslim call to prayer.



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Bananazaro's Transformation

exams, but when others thanked Jesus for their failure, I became very angry. I would have stood up and gone away, but I could not.

Next they asked if people had requests. When the first requests were given a big fight was taking place inside me. Finally, as if I were a listener, I heard what seemed like another person beside me, exposing my whole plan of suicide. As soon as the voice stopped the leader said, "Glory to God," and the others replied, "Amen!"

He said, "Bananazaro, look, the devil was at work in your life, but the Lord Jesus loves you and will free you if you like. Is that what you want?" I replied, "Yes." They all stood up and surrounded me and started praying. After a while I felt as if something heavy was falling from my

heart and a sensation of coldness spread from my head to my whole body. I was shivering.

At the end of the prayer meeting I was so light that I hardly felt the chair under me. It was wonderful; my heart was full of joy! Later on the director, an American lady, invited me into her office and talked to me. I committed my life to Jesus Christ and she offered me an English Bible, encouraging me to read it and fellowship with the other believers.

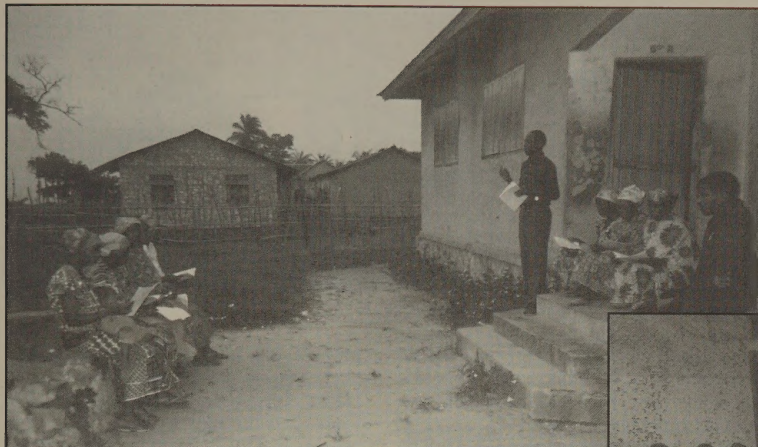
When I headed for my house I did not feel the ground under my feet; I was like a flying butterfly. Jesus Christ was now in my heart which was filled with a happiness I had not known before. I was saved, praise the Lord!

Mr. Bananzaro has a burden for the lost—always asking for prayer for yet another contact, helping and speaking

about Christ to someone in physical and spiritual need, having Bible studies with his unsaved neighbors, witnessing to his landlord and others, and reporting results.

After a period of deep grief for a son whom the Lord took home at an early age, Bananzaro and his wife gave themselves wholeheartedly to the work of the Lord. Since last summer they have spent many Sunday afternoons doing visitations around town to reach more people for Christ. The first day of school his visiting sister gave her heart to the Lord. He is deeply burdened for the salvation of his father and other siblings. ☐

NOTE: This article first appeared in The Messenger, Volume 35, Number 7, April 9, 1997.



Left: Women's literacy class Mukedi, January 1997, 5:30 a.m.; Below: Mukedi maternity, January 1997.



Humbled by Sacrificial Friendship

by Marilyn Derksen

Hospitality, friendship, encouragement, ambition, perseverance ... these are words which come to mind when I think of the three and a half weeks I spent at Kikwit and Mukedi early this year. I went to teach an intensive obstetrical nursing course to the junior and senior students at the Mukedi nursing school. I came back to Kinshasa encouraged and inspired. This was my first trip to a "bush" hospital in almost 10 years. . . . I remembered why we came to and stayed in Zaire (now Congo) for 20 years!

Upon arrival at the Kikwit Airport I was royally greeted by women from the Kikwit churches plus the head regional pastor. All that day people came to see me at Kafutshi and Kakese's home where I was staying and Kafutshi invited a number of people for a special dinner that evening. I had not been in Kikwit since 1978 and had never met many of the people who came to greet me. They took the time, however, to make me feel welcome. In some ways that day, and in the weeks to come, I felt overwhelmed by the honor people bestowed upon me. I had gone on this trip with teaching at the nursing school as my only agenda and didn't feel

that I was anyone particularly special. I quickly realized, however, that for these folks who hadn't had a missionary living and working with them for over 10 years that I was the representation of "someone special." The women organized several meetings with me at Kikwit and Mukedi. I was asked to preach one morning at Mukedi and the Kikwit women wanted to know when I would be back to present a seminar on health issues for women! All of this was a very strong affirmation of the missionary-church relationship.

The people at Mukedi thought I would fly in and had been working on the airstrip for several weeks. Knowing that the Mukedi strip hadn't been used for about 4 years I hadn't even considered the possibility of flying and planned on going by truck. The Kikwit folks had serious doubts that I knew what I was getting into and asked several times if I was sure I was up to a truck trip. Kafutshi sized up the situation and decided that it was out of the question for me to go by myself—she said one never knew what sort of unsavory characters one might meet along the way and the Kikwit church folks weren't about to risk anything happening to their missionary! That's how Kafutshi and I came to spend 16 hours in a truck cab traveling the 120 miles from Kikwit to Mukedi.

(Kafutshi is an accomplished storyteller and God couldn't have given me a better traveling companion.) In order to get back home after spending 3 days at Mukedi with me, she had to walk 9 miles, wait all night at a truck stop, then spend 9 hours on top of barrels of fuel and sacks of manioc in the back of an open truck. Friendship like that certainly makes one feel humble.

The Mukedi people are very ambitious as is seen in their schools. The Mukedi church station has five (5) high schools with a total of 800-1,000 students! Besides the nursing school there is an agricultural, masonry/woodworking, commercial-social sciences and teaching/math-science high school. There is also a literacy program which 8-10 women attend at 5:30 a.m. three mornings a week.

When Alain Nzambe, a university graduate in nursing with 7 months special training in surgery at Kalonda, arrived at Mukedi late in 1994 there was one patient at the hospital, very few supplies, no nursing school, and no district health program. Dr. Ngenze, a young man originally from Nyanga, joined Alain after several months and between the two of them, Mukedi hospital and health zone are functioning again plus they have a nursing school with about 50 students. Medical supplies and

Ke Tsogile

(I Have Arisen)

by Rudy Dirks

“When we heard that Jesus and his wife were coming, we wanted to make sure we were prepared.” These were the words of Rre (“my father”) Mosielele soon after we had arrived in Botswana and moved into the village to live on his yard.

We spent the first part of our term in a “village live-in,” where for six weeks we lived with a Batswana family, learning culture, customs and language. For our family of five coming from Toronto this was quite an adjustment indeed! No electricity, water wheelbarrowed from a standpipe 1 km away, no familiar friends or family, and (on the edge of the Kgalagadi) no surface water anywhere within hundreds of kms.

We are well aware of adjustments that missionaries make going into a different culture. But how often do we give thought to adjustments the host culture must make to our presence among them? The comment by Rre Mosielele reflects some of their perceptions and fears of a white family coming to live with them. In the racial tension of Southern Africa, white skin more often than not has meant privilege, discrimination and colonial domination. I realize that his comment was more tongue-in-cheek than mistaken identity! At any rate, what was unmistakable was the warmth and genuine hospitality with



The Rankokwane “lolwapa” or yard, Botswana

which the Rankokwane family received us into their lives. We immediately formed a mutually close friendship with both the parents and their children.

With great shock and sadness we first learned of Rre’s illness over a month after we had left the village. Over the months from October until Rre’s final day on March 2, we visited him as often as we could at the hospital and later at home, when his condition seriously deteriorated. During this time of suffering we grew particularly close to the family. Language learning could not come fast enough for us to adequately communicate our thoughts and feelings. But deteriorating health, dying, loss, and sorrow are universal experiences which unite us much deeper than language can divide.

Language learning rapidly blurred with ministry. We inadvertently stumbled upon a remarkable truth—God’s Word speaks for itself! As we visited Rre and he became weaker, we would prepare some brief passages beforehand and then read them to him in the Setswana Bible and pray for him. We left a Bible with his sons and wrote down the passages we had

used. It was only in the last couple of weeks that we realized how much this had meant. Apparently after we had left, Rre would call his sons to his bedside each day to read these portions of Scripture which focused on Jesus and his words of life. On our second-to-last visit before he died we once again prayed with him and read to him. He had by then wasted away to almost nothing. He hardly had the strength to whisper. When we were done praying he had a sparkle in his eyes when he whispered, “*Ke tsogile*” (“I have arisen/awoken”). Later his family remarked that from that moment on he had been at peace. We knew that for many months before he had tried many traditional doctors, in search of healing.

Our friendship with the rest of the family continues as we learn from them how to handle suffering with the grace and peace of God. We have been encouraged to see God’s Word, not as material from which to make good sermons and lessons, but rather to see it for what it is, “living and active ... piercing as far as the division of the soul and spirit,” (Hebrews 4:12)—regardless of language barriers. ☐

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Humbled

equipment are very basic, in fact, less than basic, and I was once again impressed with how much people can do with practically no resources.

Very few professionals are willing to work “in the bush,” and the ones who do make personal sacrifices. They also face an uphill struggle against poverty and ignorance. During the time I was there a measles epidemic broke out in a village 2 miles away. Within the first week 17 children had died. Alain had several meetings with the chief and went to the village with a vaccination team, yet the people refused to have their children vaccinated.

One night a young man was brought in with a strangulated hernia which had been “treated” at home for a week—he died shortly after arrival. Another day a young woman came to the maternity about to miscarry a five-month pregnancy. She had only 35% of the normal amount of red cells in her blood and died that evening. She had no prenatal care. Dr. Ngenze as head of the Mukedi health zone is responsible for almost 158,000 people in a 45-mile radius. The health zone has no working vehicle, motorcycle or even a bicycle!

Steady perseverance and trust in God are what keep the people at Mukedi going. I enjoyed teaching—what the students lack in experience and knowledge they

make up with enthusiasm. They are eager to learn when provided with the resources. It was a privilege for me to spend 3 weeks with them.

With the recent change in government here in the Congo come great hopes. Hopes that roads and bridges will be built, that a communication system will be developed, that goods, services and education will become more readily available to people in the interior, that the ignorance, poverty and corruption which prevail will at least be challenged, if not drastically reduced. The needs are overwhelming. We can only pray that change will come for the better and that the church here will be an instrument of God’s peace. ☐

Transformation, Then Proclamation:

The Story of the Umtata Women's Theology Group

by Jean Isaac

Recently I sat next to a woman in church who could not locate the book of Isaiah in her Bible without first checking the Contents page, although she has a Ph.D. in Education and been a churchgoer all her life.

She is not alone. Many church women here in South Africa often professionals in their fields feel ignorant about the Bible. This consciousness is what launched the Umtata Women's Theology Group.

Transformation

In 1987 a group of church women from various denominations were returning to Umtata, discussing what they could do in response to the conference they had just attended. We feel biblically illiterate was their conclusion, so let's start a Bible-study class was their resolution. They called themselves the Umtata Women's Theology Group, women's theology meaning women seeking to understand what God is saying to them.

These five women began meeting monthly. One, a lecturer in biblical studies at the local university, prepared basic Bible studies which group members used for discussions in their meetings. Out of these initial readings and discussions came their first contextual Bible studies. Several of us joined in 1989, and others have since. We have twelve regular members. Many others have attended, then left when their work took them elsewhere. The group is interracial, interdenominational, and intergenerational.

On occasion members testify how their lives have been changed through coming together to study various Bible passages.

Daisy Matee says,

I get spiritual upliftment from the studies, and I enjoy learning to inter-

pret what this Bible says. I enjoy the contributions of the other members from whom I always learn a lot. The sharing in the group is important to me.

Pat Gebeda says,

I am learning so much and gaining an appreciation for the Bible stories about women. And I personally have been stretched in so many ways as we have read and talked together.

Proclamation

The women have not felt content to study a passage together and then drop it. From the very beginning they have written up their studies to make their findings available to others.

The series thus produced is called the Umtata Women's Theology Bible Studies Series and consists of eight booklets of about 50 pages each. Members also translate these studies into the local Xhosa language, and some of the booklets are in Afrikaans, Sotho and Zulu. This series that began as single volumes will eventually be compiled into larger volumes for wider appeal and circulation. The group rejoices that our booklets, though South African in perspective, have circulated internationally. They are available from me, the coordinator, at \$1.50 each (\$3 if airmailed).

Group members are involved in many career and volunteer organizations, but continue to promote the Bible-study cause. To do this, we hold annual confer-

ences and network with other groups. This year some of our members will conduct Bible studies for the Salvation Army's women's conference.

Perhaps Zola Mahlangu speaks for us all:

I have gained a sense of confidence as a Christian woman with the assurance that women played and are still playing a leading role in the church in spite of not being mentioned. All this I got from attending the group.

Umtata Women's Theology Bible Studies Series:

- #1: Women, the Bible and the Contemporary Church: An Introduction to Women's Theology.
- #2: Matriarch, Judge, Foreigner and Liberator: Four Women of the Old Testament.
- #3: The Other Disciples of Jesus: Women in the New Testament.
- #4: Towards a Theology of Sexuality: Sexuality & Pregnancy, Abortion & Contraception, Rape & Battering.
- #5: God, Our Loving Parent: Bible Studies on AIDS.
- #6: When Two Become One: Bible Studies on Marriage.
- #7: When Two Become More: Bible Studies on Parenting.
- #8: When One Travels On: Biblical Studies on Singleness.
- #9: When Two Part Ways: Bible Studies on Divorce.

Bible studies on aging and death are topics still being written. ☐



Right: L-R: Dorcas Ntusi, Pule Tshangela, Daisy Matee translating parenting booklet into Xhosa.

Mawa Touched by God's Word

by Kathy Petersen

One of my privileges this past year has been playing the cassettes of the newly-translated Scripture passages for someone who has never heard the Bible's message. I play them for my friend Mawa. Then I ask her questions about each verse to see if it is being correctly understood. This comprehension checking is an important part of the translation process. Mawa's fresh response to God's message has also helped me to understand in a new way and to feel the power of God's Word touching someone's heart. It is just God's Word. I have to be careful not to add any explanations or teachings of my own because then it would not be an accurate test of comprehension.

We started in the beginning with the creation. A few chapters later we were listening to the story of Noah and I felt the force of that story in a new way. I grew up putting together puzzles and coloring pictures of Noah and all the cute animals lined up two by two. Mawa surprised me by hiding her crying face in her hands saying, "This is too sad. I feel so sorry for those people. This is too sad." She understood God's judgment.

We worked through most of Genesis, the story of the Exodus, some of the history of Israel and selected prophecies.

A few days later we were listening to Isaiah 53: "... he was pierced for our transgressions..." Mawa had just listened to a few verses, when she suddenly stopped me, "Do you know what that said? It said that his people were going to beat him! That he would be killed because of their bad! That God would give him the punishment that they deserved! Is this the same wonderful King that we have been hearing about in these other prophecies?" "Yes," I answered. "God loved those Israelites so much, so much!"

We continued into the life of Jesus. Right from the story of his birth Mawa felt sure that this was the promised King. In the story of John the Baptist, John says that Jesus is "the Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world." Mawa twice avoided answering my questions about this verse.

Finally I played it for her again and asked, "What do you think John means by the Lamb of God?" She looked at me sharply and blurted out, "But God is not going to kill him like a sheep!!" (You need to know that everyone in this village has watched sacrifices and seen a sheep laying on the ground convulsing as it bleeds to death.) I felt at a loss to know what to say because that is exactly what God did do. I just reminded her that she hadn't heard the end of the story yet.

Jesus' teachings are so good in this context where people see religions as rules and rituals and do not see changed hearts. Like the Pharisees and the Teachers of the Law when they ask Jesus why his disciples do not follow the rituals for the washing of hands. Jesus tells them that people made up all those rules and have ignored what really matters to God. He goes on to say that it is not what you put into your mouth that really matters, but what is in your heart and what



Mawa and Kathy visiting together.

comes out in your actions that really matter to God. Mawa understood that it is not the religious practices that we follow that really matter to God but what is in our heart.

She is married to a Muslim man who follows the religion of Islam very carefully but is not at all a good person. So she feels deeply the hypocrisy in Islam and is beginning to think that it must be false. She wants to know which religious system is right.

We started talking about other religions. I said that there are people who know the Bible and still think that by going to church on Sundays, giving money to God, or not getting drunk they are made good. "That is frightening!" she said. "It is not a religion (set of rules and practices) that is right. What matters to God is a changed heart like Jesus said to Nicodemus. It is like the story of the man sowing seed. Even for those people who hear this message about Jesus, only some will have changed lives."

Mawa was very serious and quiet as we worked through Jesus' death, resurrection and ascension. Many times she has said, "Of all the religious teachings I have heard, this is the one that has entered my heart and is changing it. I am sure it must be the truth." □

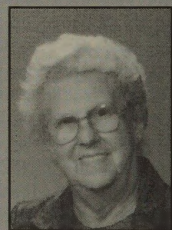
LEONTINA RAID 1916-1996

August 29, 1996, Leontina Raid was welcomed to her heavenly home—her final destination. Throughout her lifetime she and her husband Arlo targeted many destinations as they traveled nationally and internationally often en route to a voluntary service assignment.

On three separate occasions those travels took them to Congo/Zaire between 1966 and 1971 for Arlo to work on various AIMM construction projects. Locations included Tshikapa, Kalonda, Kananga, Mukedi, Kinshasa & Kamayala. Leontina not only supported Arlo in the service to which God had called him, but with a very willing heart always found ways in which she could also be ministering. That ministry took many forms—hospitality, sterilizing surgical supplies, sewing hospital linens and supplies, helping in a feeding program, helping in sewing classes, painting, etc.

While her children and grandchildren were often far removed geographically they were close in heart. A specially set table and the favorite food of the birthday person were a part of the birthday celebration in the Raid home in Congo/Zaire even though the birthday child/grandchild could not be present.

Leontina glorified her Lord through her joyful service and was much appreciated by those with whom and to whom she ministered.



AIMM Ministry with AICs Reviewed

by Angela Rempel

The historic Moffat Mission provided an appropriate setting for a consultation May 9-11 for Africa Inter-Mennonite Mission workers in Southern Africa and leaders of African Independent Churches (AIC). Twenty-eight people participated from Lesotho, Botswana, South Africa, the United States and Canada.

Local AIC leaders stressed how the work of AIMM in the region had brought together blacks and whites as well as different church groups. "We hated each other," said Archbishop Motswasele of Botswana. "You are witnesses that you united us." They cautioned against using models which would focus on individuals or individual congregations to the exclusion of others.

The first of three goals for the consultation was to review AIMM's models for ministry in the past 20 or more years working in Southern Africa with AIC groups. The primary Bible teaching method used in Botswana is weekly classes in the cities and towns. In the Transkei area of South Africa the method used primarily is several weekend Bible conferences throughout the year. In Lesotho a local person has been hired by the African Federal Church Council, with substantial subsidy from AIMM, to teach groups scattered in rural areas. AIMM workers in all areas seek to teach in the local language.

Some slight changes in focus were called for at the consultation. In the past, Bible teaching has been offered primarily to the church leaders. Now leaders are asking that AIMM work with their youth and lay people as well. Lesego Manathoko from Botswana asked for the training of trainers. Encouragement was given to teach some Bible classes in English rather than using only the participants first language. English is an official



L-R: Isaac Moshoeshe, Israel Motswasele

language throughout the region.

In response to the second goal, to inquire about a vision for ministry involvement and personnel placement in other geographical areas in Southern Africa, there was encouragement to follow natural connections already made in places such as South Africa. The AIC leaders want continued involvement by AIMM workers. It was suggested that it is inappropriate for AIMM even to ask when it is time to leave the area.

Local AIC leaders from both Lesotho and South Africa asked for additional AIMM personnel in response to the third goal—to prove appropriate levels of AIMM assistance in terms of personnel and finances.

Leaders from each country stated their priorities for financial assistance. Both Botswana and South Africa requested help in building Bible schools and Lesotho asked for funds for a vehicle which the local teacher, Isaac Moshoeshe, could

use in his work.

Past policy has been to provide personnel from North America rather than funding building projects and providing salaries for local personnel. A rationale and guidelines were developed at the consultation to allow for some exceptions. The relationship with the AIC leaders has matured over the years. Trust has been established.

"I'm glad you didn't help me sooner (financially)," said Motswasele. "It may have split my church. We couldn't handle money. Now we can. We are now able."

Representatives from AIMM, Garry Prieb, executive secretary, and Dave Dyck, council member, indicated a cautious openness to changing the existing policy. They reported that in North America both the number of applicants and available funds are decreasing.

The consultation was moderated by Fremont Regier who together with his wife Sara are Southern Africa regional co-ordinators for Mennonite Central Committee. They have many years of experience in Africa with both AIMM and MCC. Former AIMM worker in Lesotho, Stan Nussbaum of Global Mapping in Colorado Springs, presented a paper on "Paradigm Shifts in AIMM Relationships with AICs in the Next Decade."

A final worship and communion service was held in the large 800-seat thatched-roof church built by missionary pioneer Robert Moffat. The Moffat Mission is where the Bible was first printed in an African language on continental Africa. ☐

*The Moffat Mission
is where the
Bible was first
printed in an
African language
on continental Africa.*

Archie goes home

by James Bertsche

Few people become legends in their own lifetime, but Archie Graber was one such person.

Born into a Mennonite farming family near Stryker, Ohio, in 1901, his youthful years witnessed a fascinating series of involvements: acquiring carpentry skills as a boy; a metal finisher in a Fisher Body Plant; a deck hand on a great lakes freighter; a ranch hand in the west; a lumber jack; a student in an art academy.

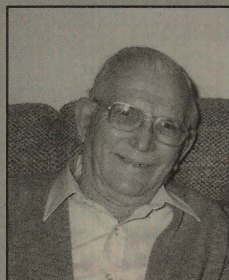
But the day came when Archie met Jesus and experienced a life transforming touch of his grace. This set a direction for him from which he never deviated. Graduating from the Moody Bible Institute in 1930, he married a fellow student, Evelyn Oyer, applied to the Congo Inland Mission (now the AIMM) for service and arrived in Africa the first time that same summer.

His assignments and ministries in Africa were diverse. During a missionary career which was to cover 43 years, he supervised the construction of a series of residences, schools, medical facilities and

chapels—all of which had some sort of distinguishing "Archie touch."

The bitter tribal conflict along the Kasai river of the early 60's thrust Archie into international attention. Fleeing destruction, Baluba people by the thousands traveled to their ancestral homeland in the South Kasai. When a broad based intermission/MCC refugee program was put into place, Graber was tapped to give it leadership. Knowing the area, the people and their language, he was the perfect choice for the job. Though he was a man of boundless energy, innovative skills and great courage, during his five year leadership of this project he was taxed to the limit. Committing himself and his team to the Lord amidst the dangers of each new day, he accomplished what many, at the outset, felt to be impossible, i.e. the saving and rehabilitation of a refugee population which numbered in the multiplied thousands. At the close of that era, UN personnel in charge of the Congo operation sent a letter of special tribute and gratitude for his outstanding work.

But at his very core, Graber was first and above all an evangelist. Everywhere



he went and whatever the nature of his assignment, he wove spiritual outreach to and nurture of the Africans around him into his daily routine. The Africans sensed his love for them and they loved him in return.

Archie's wife, Evelyn, died in 1947 and in 1950 he married Irma Beitler who preceded him in death in 1995. In constant pain during the last months of his life due to deteriorating disks in his back, Archie gratefully slipped into the presence of his Lord on August 31 at the age of 96. To the commendation of the United Nations there has been added the "well done" of the Lord whom he served so well.

Remembering Mama Madineta

by James Bertsche

Dorothy Bowman Schwartz devoted her life to her career as a missionary nurse. Earning her RN degree at Bethany Hospital in Chicago in 1939, she married Dr. Merle Schwartz in 1940.

Accepted by the Congo Inland Mission (now AIMM) they boarded an Egyptian freighter named the ZAM ZAM in the spring of 1941. A swift series of events promptly followed: interception on the high seas by a German raider; a month on the ocean in German vessels; off-loading in occupied France; travel to neutral Portugal and eventually back to the U.S. . . . leaving most of their possessions at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean.

In the summer of 1941, their second attempt to reach Africa was successful. They arrived at the CIM Mukedi Station and began what was to be 35 years of service as medical missionaries.

Dorothy's quick smile and loving man-

ner quickly endeared her to Africans and to missionary colleagues. A large maternity work soon took shape under her direction as the Schwartzes trained a team of African midwives. Dorothy was often rousted out of bed at all hours of the night to assist her Congolese midwives in difficult deliveries. Small wonder that she was early given the African name, Mama Madineta, i.e., "some one who gives herself freely, someone who cares." She gave birth to two children of her own, and also found time to cradle the newborn babies of several of her fellow missionaries as well as those of hundreds of her African sisters. Every birth was, for her, an occasion of awe and delight.

Caught up in the massive evacuation of 1960 amidst the chaos of early Congo independence, she rejoined her Doctor husband as soon as it was possible to do so. In 1964, Mukedi station was sacked by a rebel movement. The medical facilities were particularly hard hit. When



church leaders were able to reoccupy the station, Dorothy uncomplainingly joined her husband in the painful relaunching of a medical service which they had earlier developed with so much effort and care. They retired from service in Africa in 1977 and became active in volunteer work in Illinois.

Dorothy breathed her last on August 31 following a failed effort to repair a heart valve. All, both black and white, who ever experienced her loving manner and gentle grace, cherish their personal memories of Mama Madineta.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them

by Betty Enns

A child is born and He shall lead the people. April 23, 1996, another child was born who has, in his short life, united more Christians on two continents in prayer and praise than most of us can hope to do in a lifetime. Sharing his story with curious non-Christians has "sown the seed" in many hearts who never would consider dawning the steps of a church.

Our grandson, Andrew William Nanau Loewen, came into this world a strapping, healthy ten pounds. A parents' delight! However, within just five weeks it seemed that the Lord would choose to take him to himself, even before we, his grandparents, had the joy of holding him in our arms. One telephone call across the waters from Canada to Africa mobilized an international prayer army. Many voices stormed heaven's gates beseeching God to restore this little child's health. And he did! God is so good!

On January 20, 1997, Andrew, together with his parents, landed on the African continent. They had brought him to Lesotho to have him dedicated to the Lord. The Celebration of Dedication took place on January 25. Much excitement, prayer and planning had already happened in anticipation of their arrival in Lesotho.

Thursday morning, January 23, as the truck pulled through the gate, I heard the bleating of sheep. Many smiling faces greeted us. Hugs and hand shakes were exchanged. All had come to begin preparations for the Dedication to the Lord Feast of our grandson Andrew William Nanau.

Everyone had their share of work to do. Holes were dug, water was hauled, knives were sharpened. One by one, without a sound the sheep met their demise.

As deftly as the preparations, slaughter and cooking happened, the cleanup moved in like fashion. A drama lived out and narrated in an unknown language in front of our eyes. We parted with the greeting, "*Khotso bo Me le Ntate. Rethla bonana husane.*" (Peace to you mothers and fathers. We will see you tomorrow.)

Friday came and the flurry of activity began again. The tent was raised. Chairs collected from around the neighborhood and neatly lined up. Groceries were

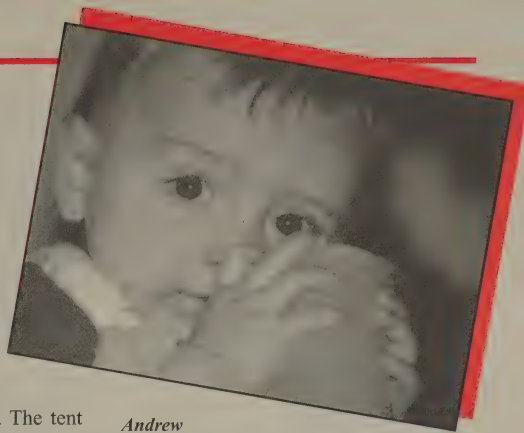
brought. At dusk the peeling of vegetables and cooking began and carried on through the night. A few women spent the entire night sewing and pressing gowns.

That special hour had come. The tent was filled to overflowing, with many guests spilling over into the yard. Some in plain street clothes, others in their Sunday best, while the African Independent Church people were dressed in their uniforms.

Invoking God's presence and the welcoming done, praise, worship and dancing began. Fortunately the sides of the tent were opened for all the merriment would have sent the tent rising like a hot air balloon. The walls could not have contained it all. Many tears of joy were shed. While others sat looking on in disbelief at what they were witnessing.

Isaac Moshoeshoe, the Chief Archbishop of the AIC delivered the message. Dolpin Monese, pastor of the Agape Church, interpreted. The laying on of hands and prayers followed the dedication message given for Andrew and his parents, Pete and Wendy Loewen. This done we were further blessed by Ntate Romosie as he hoisted Andrew up and waved him around for all the guests to see as he recounted, in Basotho style, the miraculous healing of little Andrew. Clapping and ululating in praise of God's goodness interspersed with dialogue continued for a long time.

The AICs also chose to use this day of celebration to give Bill and me our gowns, which signify our official welcome and acceptance as a part of the AIC Fellowship. I was led out of the tent into the house for the receiving and dressing of my gown. Together with ten women in our bedroom, I was redressed in a gown of royal blue and a white cap with blue trim placed on my head. I was then ushered back to the tent accompanied by a train of singing, clapping, dancing women. Bill, dressed in his royal blue gown, stood in readiness, together with all the dignitaries, to receive me. Words of acceptance were spoken, followed by laying on of hands and prayers. We were now official AIC members. We felt very honored to have received this kind of acceptance.



Andrew
William Nanau Loewen

After three and a half hours of worship, praise, ululating, prayers and dance we were served a delicious meal prepared by the TY Ladies' Group. Heaping plates of mutton, mashed potatoes, tomato and onion sauce, green beans and salads filled that cavity which had grown larger as the hours of celebration wore on. A traditional drink made of ginger quenched our raw parched throats. All the worshipping in the heat of the day had left us dehydrated. A healthy helping of chocolate cake added the crowning touch to the three hundred and fifty plus meals served.

While we were saying our good-byes, well wishes, God's blessings and thank-yous, the team of workers was busy once again dismantling the tent and returning chairs to their respective owners. By five o'clock the last loaded truck pulled off the yard. Everything was as it had been three days earlier. Gifts were given to all who had helped us and this began another forty-five minutes of dance, marching, ululating and praise as an expression of their gratitude for the gifts.

What a day! Not only was it a day of worship and praise extolling God's goodness for Andrew's healing and dedicating him to the Lord, but we believe something very significant happened. The many prayers for unity among the various church groups here in Maseru became a reality as AICs, Agape, Fill the Gap, Pentecostals, Maseru United, Anglicans, Methodists, Quakers, Catholics and Mennonites joined their voices, hearts and hands in extolling God's goodness to one of his little children. God has also joined the heart of dear Ntate Mapasa Setumo, a prayer warrior, with our grandson when he pledged himself to be his Prayer Godfather as long as God lends him life.

AND A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM. ☐

Mukanza Ilunga 1942-1997

by Jim Bertsche

(Editorial Comment: While we recognize the recent change of names for the country and the church, Pastor Mukanza lived and served in Zaire and we have maintained those designations for this article.)

March 20, 1997, word came from Kinshasa, Zaire: "Pastor Mukanza Ilunga has died." Known and respected in the broad inter-Mennonite world as a man of vision and deep commitment to his church and his Lord his home going, after a brief but severe illness, is a painful loss for all.

Born to Christian parents in an African village setting in Bandundu Province in South Central Congo, he early heard the story of Jesus from his evangelist father who had been placed by missionaries from the Canadian Mission Shakenge, some fifty miles to the southwest of the AIMM station

Kandala. An apt student he finished primary school at Shakenge. With good grades he was chosen as one of a select few from his area to enter the Mennonite High School at the AIMM station Nyanga. During his student days he made a public profession of faith in Christ and sought baptism.

Upon graduation he married Mbongela, a girl from his home region. He was named teacher/director of a regional Mennonite school to the south of the AIMM post Kandala. During their time there the fury of the Kwilu "Jeunesse" rebellion of 1964 broke upon the region and they had to flee to their home area further southwest. With the restoration of public order they were sent to Kinshasa for three years of pastoral training. Upon graduation Mukanza was named CMZa Provincial Secretary for Bandundu Province. In 1973 he was approved for pastoral ordination by his church. Two years later he was granted an AIMM scholarship for study at AMBS in Elkhart, Indiana, where he graduated in 1977 with an M.A. in Christian Education.

When they returned to Zaire Mukanza was teamed with AIMM missionary Levi Keidel to head a Commission on the Life

of the Church, a post which entailed much travel among the CMZa districts to conduct study seminars and times of counseling and encouragement of rural church leadership. In 1979 Pastor Mukanza served as the CMZa representative for a major AIMM self-study held at Miracle Camp in Lawton, MI. In the same year he was named the CMZa representative to a Nairobi, Kenya meeting of the Africa Mennonite Brethren in Christ Fellowship (AMBCF) where he, in turn, was named one of two Africa representatives to the International Mennonite Peace Committee formed by the Mennonite World Conference.

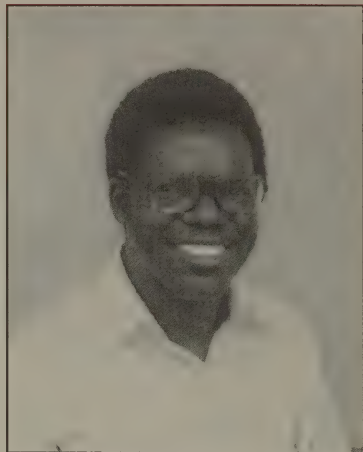
In this capacity he traveled in the summer of 1980 to Managua, Nicaragua and Bogotá, Colombia. Upon his return he stated: "Many African countries are under dictatorship governments using violence, oppression and corruption to maintain themselves. How can we as peace church-

His example and influence will long linger in the memories of all who knew him and within the Church which he served with outstanding devotion.

es cooperate with these regimes? What will be the content of our message and witness to them? How can we contribute to correction without hurting and compromising? These are the kinds of questions that our churches need to meditate upon under the guidance of the Holy Spirit." He immediately began to lay plans for an inter-Mennonite Seminar on Non-Violence. This took place in August of 1981. Thirty key people from the three Zairian Mennonite Churches took part.

In 1980 Pastor Mukanza was elected vice-president of the Zaire Mennonite Church. Personable, articulate and possessed of a sunny disposition, he soon became an effective spokesman for CMZa in a variety of settings. Regarding the theme of evangelism he once said: "In our setting here in Zaire, evangelism also means fighting hunger, sickness and poverty."

An ardent supporter of leadership training, he said: "A church which does not train leaders for the future is already preparing for its demise." It was in large



Rev. Mukanza Ilunga

part due to his insistence that AIMM convened two inter-Mennonite consultations in Kinshasa (1981 and 1983) on the broad issue of Mennonite church leadership training. At both Mukanza spoke energetically of his dream of an inter-Mennonite

Institute of Theology sponsored and staffed by all three Zaire Churches.

Replaced as CMZa vice-president in 1985, he moved to Kinshasa where he was quickly engaged by the Missionary Aviation

Fellowship to fill a key role for them in government relations. Soon after that his services were also sought by RURCON (Rural Development Counseling for Christian Churches in Africa).

Though working full time for other Christian organizations, Mukanza remained active in the life of his own church. Ever a man of vision he for years had believed that Zaire needed some sort of inter-Mennonite structure which would bring representatives of the three Zaire Mennonite groups together on a regular basis. Due to his leadership such an organization was founded in December 1987 named CONIM, i.e., the National Inter-Mennonite Committee.

A warm, effective, visionary Zairian Mennonite leader has gone to his eternal reward. His example and influence will long linger in the memories of all who knew him and within the Church which he served with outstanding devotion. □

AIMM News

AIMM Opens Dorm in Yamoussoukro

High school students from AIMM missionary families in Burkina Faso will be enrolling in Yamoussoukro International School this fall. The school is operated by the New Tribes Mission and is located in Yamoussoukro, Côte d'Ivoire.

In order for our students to be admitted to the school, AIMM needed to provide dorm facilities so the students could attend classes as day students. Bill and Sally Stieglitz have responded to the invitation to serve as dorm parents. While they complete preparations for the assignment, Loren and Donna Entz will relocate from Saraba to Yamoussoukro to assume the parenting responsibilities. Bill and Sally with their children, Sarah and Cody, are expected to arrive mid-September.

AIMM High School students for the 1997-98 school year are Zachary Entz and Josiah Thiessen.

Changes To Note:

- Because of the name change of the country, Communauté Mennonite au Zaïre (CMZa) is now known as Communauté Mennonite au Congo (CMCo).
- The AIMM e-mail address has changed. The new address is aimm@sprynet.com

Immediate Opportunities Available

Challenging and rewarding job opportunities are available in Burkina Faso, Senegal, Lesotho and Congo. Of particular urgency is the need for linguists, church planters, Christian Education worker, and literacy worker.

Contact us by mail, e-mail or telephone if God directs you to meet one of these needs.

Visit us on the Web

<http://home.sprynet.com/sprynet/aimm>

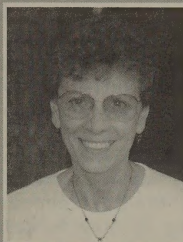
Clerical Staff Change at AIMM Elkhart Office

For the past six years AIMM staff has been blessed with the cheerful spirit Marlene Habegger has brought to the AIMM office in addition to her efficient service. She will be terminating her part-time employment with AIMM at the end of August. Her husband, Howard, will be retiring from the ministry at that time and they will be moving to Hesston, Kansas for retirement. Marlene and Howard served as missionaries with GC-COM for 9 years in Colombia after which Howard was executive secretary of GC-COM for 12 years so she identified well with mission/missionary goals and concerns.

Marlene will be missed. With sincere thankfulness for her years of service with AIMM, we wish the Habeggers God's special blessing at this transition in their lives to the next phase of ministry He has for them.

We also thank God for preparing Rachel Nolt to accept the AIMM invitation to replace Marlene in the job-share position with Cindy Neuenschwander. Rachel is a 1990 graduate of Goshen College and has done some graduate studies at AMBS, Indiana University at South Bend and Indiana Wesleyan University. For the past three years she has been teaching at Covenant Christian School at Mishawaka, IN. Her husband, Steve, is presently completing studies at Notre Dame for his doctorate degree.

This job opportunity was of special interest to Rachel because of her desire to be involved in ministry in the church here and internationally. She grew up in a family where her parents stressed the importance of missions and encouraged their children to consider such service. We wish Rachel God's benediction in her service here and look forward to working with her.



Marlene Habegger



Rachel Nolt

Missionaries Who Returned to Africa

Angela & Erwin Rempel Carla

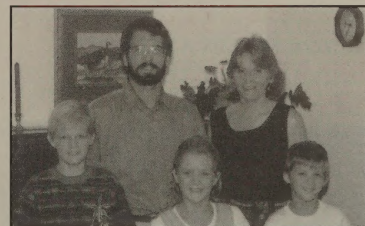
Arriving Dec. 3, 1996, and departing January 28, 1997, it was a short month and a half NAA, but packed with travel (nearly 6,000 miles), as Rempels linked up with family, friends and supporting churches in Kansas, Indiana, Pennsylvania, and Virginia.

Back in Gaborone (Botswana) Erwin and Angela continue their work as co-coordinators of Mennonite Ministries, representing both AIMM and MCC. Erwin is also regional counselor of AIMM in Southern Africa. Carla completes her last year of secondary school in Botswana. She took the Cambridge exams in November and also the SAT in Gaborone as she prepares to enter college in September 1998.

They are members of First Mennonite Church, Newton, KS, and are supported by the General Conference Mennonite Church (COM).

The Rempels' e-mail address is 100077.136@compuserve.com

Laura & Tim Bertsche David, Maria, Erik



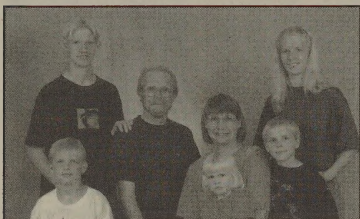
After a six-month North America assignment the Bertsches returned to Francistown, Botswana on May 4 where they have served since 1989. Laura is involved with PACT (Peer Approach to Counseling by Teens) in addition to related work with women. Tim's major teaching ministry is among the African

Independent Churches. This includes basic teaching from the Bible and developing study material related to the varied aspects of AIC ministry.

David (11), Maria (10), and Erik (8) enjoyed their time with grandparents and other relatives in Wisconsin and Indiana, but are glad to be back in school in Francistown.

The Bertsches are sponsored by the Evangelical Mennonite Church/US. Their e-mail address is: tbertsch@global.bw

Lois & Paul Thiessen Josiah, Ruth, Jonathan, Caleb, Sarah



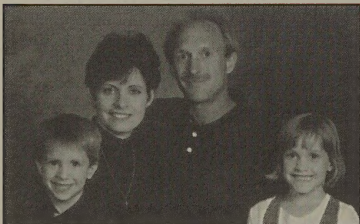
Refreshed and invigorated following the completion of two courses (Paul) and auditing one (Lois), the Thiessens are ready to take up their translation work for another four years in the Tin area of Burkina Faso.

During this past year the family has enjoyed living next door to Lois' parents. Josiah will attend a school for missionary children in Yamoussoukro, Côte d'Ivoire this year. A new setting and experience for him and his family!

Paul and Lois are grateful for the continued support received through the Evangelical Mennonite Conference (EMC/Canada).

First Time Short-termers

Sally & Bill Stieglitz Sarah, Cody



This will not be the first time that Bill and Sally are on African soil. With a work team they helped to construct Carol

and Phil Bergen's home in N'Dorola a couple of years ago.

As a result of that exposure they have been called to serve the next two years as dorm parents for the AIMM high school students who attend Yamoussoukro International School (YIS) in Yamoussoukro, Côte d'Ivoire. This is a "first" for both Stieglitzes and AIMM's older students. This school is sponsored by New Tribes Mission.

Bill lists his interests as "family, keeping up with basketball and baseball." Sally's hobbies are reading, outdoor activities with the family and baking. (I'm sure the students will be happy to know about that last hobby!)

Joining their parents are Sarah (7) and Cody (5), who probably will speak French before their parents!

Sally and Bill are members of Grace Evangelical Mennonite Church, Morton, IL (EMC/US).

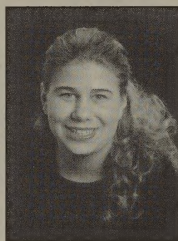
Amber Gates

Through a short Burkina Faso service/vacation with her parents, Rebecca and Gary, Amber was first introduced to the culture and people of Orodara where she will assist the teaching staff at Orodara Kalanso missionary children's elementary school. This is a one-year assignment.

A 1997 graduate of Archbold High School Amber will find her basic knowledge of French will be of great benefit as she learns to live and work among the Burkinabé.

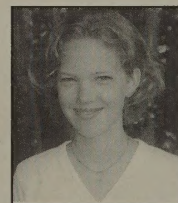
"I feel God may be calling me into missionary service." May this experience give Amber the direction she seeks.

Amber has experience in church youth groups, children's church teaching and as a staff member for four years at Miracle Camp, Lawton, MI. Her membership is in the Evangelical Mennonite Church, Archbold, OH (EMC/US).



Lisa Schellenberg

As an 8-year-old, Lisa moved with her family to Burkina Faso. Now a 1997 graduate from Steinbach



Christian School she returns for a six-month assignment specifically to assist the Paul Thiessen family in Tin with home schooling and child care. She and Amber Gates will give leadership to the children's program during the AIMM Missionary Retreat in December.

"I've always been aware of the mission field," says Lisa. Her parents, John and Charity, sister Charis, and grandparents, Ben and Helen Eidse, are just a few of the people who have brought this awareness to Lisa.

Interests in reading, swimming, jogging, listening to or playing music will enhance her relationship with missionary children as well as Burkinabé youth.

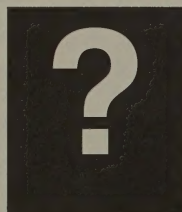
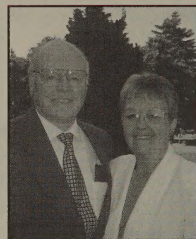
She is a member of Steinbach EMC, her supporting church.

Short-Term—Again

Gloria and Ron Camp

It's the second time around for the Camps. They first served as hostel parents for the children who attend Orodara Kalanso in Burkina Faso. They return for a one-year assignment in the same location, but this time wearing different "hats." Ron will serve as director of the missionary children's school. Gloria will add her special touch as a hostess and encouragement to those around her. The students were delighted to hear of the Camps' return.

They are members of Calvary Mennonite Church, Aurora, OR, affiliated with the General Conference Mennonite Church.



Should your picture be in this spot as a new missionary?

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(short-term)

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(Mitchell & Stuart in U.S.)
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Nicole, Joshua, Micah
Dakar Academy
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Dakar
SENEGAL, West Africa

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Rick & Marilyn Derksen

Karina, Jeremiah, Erica
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Kinshasa 2
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B.P. 4577
Kinshasa 2
DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC
OF CONGO

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Part-Time

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Colorado Springs, CO 80907

Henry Dirks (CEDI/Canada)

Box 39
Virgil, ON
CANADA L0S 1T0

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From Burkina Faso:

Phil & Carol Bergen

John-Mark, Maria

Appointee to
Burkina Faso:
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Editorial

Before and After

Transformation is often illustrated by "Before" and "After" pictures. The dilapidated house is transformed into an attractive home. The potbellied, aging man is transformed into a lean, energetic gentleman. The tired, ordinary woman is transformed into a beautiful, vibrant lady.

Transformation is sought even at great cost—in finances or in discipline. It is normally associated with a positive change. People enjoy hearing the "Wow" when others see the change.

As you read the testimony of Bananzaro in this issue regarding his transformation, you'll feel the "Wow" of spiritual transformation. It's evident again as Archbishop Motswasele of Botswana remarks how hatred was transformed into

unity. The women in the Umtata theology group recognized that spiritual transformation leads to proclamation.

Yet some would question or deny the need for seeking spiritual transformation. They contend there are many ways to know God and to have a relationship with him; that no one has authority to tell another that her/his way is not right. They question if "unreached people" need to hear of Christ's death and resurrection. Perhaps they are better off never hearing the Gospel rather than to hear and thus be confronted with making a personal decision.

But Jesus says spiritual transformation is essential and it comes only through him. "I am the way and the truth and the

life. No one comes to the Father except through me" (John 14:6). "If anyone is in Christ, he is a new creation; the old has gone, the new has come!" (2 Corinthians 5:17).

Jesus considered spiritual transformation important enough that he came to die to make it possible. If humanity had not needed transformation, he would not have come. But he came! Now he wants proclamation so all know that the "after" picture can be that of a new creation. Many are still waiting to hear. Because Jesus came we must go!

—Leona Schrag

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